

Learning the Game

-Markey is responsible, but it gets weird.

-Gentry girl?

-You heard?

-He claimed papahood.

-She didn't know who he was!

-Rap and I decided that being that sick meant terrifically lonely. So we put him on the ginmill softball team.

-How'd that work out?

-Since he's brilliant, the theoretical part of the game gets grasped. But has no athletic skills None!

-His parents like the first part: quarter mil to MIT! But...hafta throw him off team?

-Harp Costello used to be assistant baseball coach at Oney High? Took him on as a project. Hours!

-Pretty good now?

-Not bad! But he truly shines in the apres game! When we lift Our flabby arms to fill our hollow legs with beer.

-AND inhale Bent Jo-Jo's four-inch thick bloody cheeseburgers?

-*Mais oui!* fellow gourmet.

-With raw onion?

-All the girls are the raw onion!

-And is Markey shy in the face of such overt femininity?

-Takes a different one home every night!

-Sounds to me like you've added an ir before responsibility?

-Beautifully!

-It's a Class Thing.

-Several classes, though.

-Just one in THAT dive!